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The industrious Smith wherein is showne,  
How plain dealing is overthrowne,  
That let a man do the best that he may,  
An idle huswife will work his decay,  
Yet art is no burthen, though ill we may speed,  
Our labour will help us in time of our need;

To the tune of yong man remember delights are but vain.



There was a poore Smith liv'd in a poore town,  
That had a loving wife bonny and bountie,  
And though he were very discreet and wise,  
Yet would he do nothing without her advice,  
His stock it grew low, till well he did know,  
He told his wife what he intended to do,  
Quoth he, sweet wife, if I can prevail,  
I will sell my horses, and thou shalt sell Ale.

I live by my labour but little I thrive,  
And that against the stream I do strive,  
By selling of Ale some money is got,  
If every man honestly pay for his pot:  
By this way we keep the mill from the day,  
And live in good fashion though now we live poore,  
If we have good custome we shall have quick sale,  
So may we live bravely by selling of Ale.

Kind husband, quoth she, let be as you said,  
It is the best motion that ever you made,  
A Stan of good Ale, let me have in,  
A dozen of good white bread in my bin,  
Tobacco likewise we must not forget,  
Men will call for it, when malt is above wheat,  
When once it is known, then oze bill and bale,  
Men will come flocking to take of our Ale.

They sent for a wench, her name it was Belle,  
And her they hired to welcome their ghesse,  
They took in good Ale and many things mo,  
The Smith had got him two strings to his bow,  
Good fellows come in, and began for to roze,  
The Smith he was never so troubled before,  
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith went to his work every day,  
But still one or other would call him away,  
For now he had got him the name of an Host,  
It cost him many a pot and a tosse,  
Besides much precious time he now lost,  
And thus the poore Smith was every day cross,  
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Men run on the score and little they paid,  
Which made the poore Smith be greatly dismayd,  
And bonny Belle though she were not slack,  
To welcome her guests, yet things went to wrack,  
For he would exchange a pot for a kisse,  
Which any fellow should seldom times misse,  
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith went abroad, at length he came  
And found his maid, and man in a room, home  
Both drinking together foot to foot,  
To speak unto them he thought it was no boot,  
For they were both drunk and could not reply,  
To make an excuse as big as a lye,  
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

He came home again and there he did see  
His wife kindly sitting on a mans knee,  
And though he said little, yet he thought the more  
And who could blame the poore Smith all the more,  
He hugd her & kiss her though Vulcan stood by,  
Which made him to grumble, and look all awry,  
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.





A Sort of Daplers were drinking one night,  
And when they were drunk began for to fight  
The Smith came to part them, as some do report,  
And for his good will was beat in such sort,  
That he could not lift his arms to his head,  
For yet very hardly creep up to his bed.  
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith by chance a good fellow had met,  
That for strong Ale was much in his debt,  
He askt him for money, quoth he, by your leave,  
I owe you no money, none you shall have,  
I owe to your wife and her I will pay,  
The Smith he was wroth and departed away.  
Alas, who could blame him if now he do rayl,  
These things should not be though they sold Ale.

Old debts must be paid, O why should they not,  
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,  
The Smith followed after and they fell at strife,  
For he found this fellow in bed with his wife,  
He fretted and foamed, he cawd, and he swore,  
Quoth he, he is come to pay the old score.  
And still the cryde, good sweet hart do not rayl,  
For these things must be if we sell Ale.

A flock of good fellows all Smiths by their trade,  
Within a while after a holiday made,  
Unto the Smiths house they came then with speed,  
And there they were wondrous merry indeed,  
With my pot and thy pot to raise the scope hie,  
Mine Daff was so drunk he fell in the fire.  
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Mine Daff being drunk and loose in his joints,  
He took an occasion to untrusse his points,  
The bank it was nere, but bozded but slight,  
The Smith he was heavy and could not tread light,  
The bozds broke asunder, and down he fell in,  
It was a worse matter then breaking his shin,  
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Happy is he who when he doth stumble,  
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble,  
But so did not he, for he had forgotten,  
The bozds which he trod on were so rotten.  
He moved the house to mirth and to laughter,  
His clothes they stunk at least a month after,  
But, quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,  
These things must be if we sell Ale.

But men ran so much with him on the scope,  
That Halcen at last grew wondrous poore,  
He owed the Brewer and Baker so much,  
They threatned to arrest him, his case it was such,  
He went to his Antill, to my pot and thine,  
He torn'd out his Daff, he paid down his signe.  
But O (quoth the good Wife) why should we fall,  
These things should not be if we sell Ale.

The Smith e his boy went to work for some chink,  
To pay for the liquor which others did drink,  
Of all trades in London, few break as I heare,  
That sell Tobacco, strong Ale and good Beer,  
They might have done better, but they were loth,  
To fill up their measure with nothing but froth.  
Let no Al-house keeper at my Daff rayl,  
These things must be if they sell Ale.

FINIS.

Humfrey Crowch.

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